

Death Cab For Cutie, 405

I took the 405 and drove a stake down into your center,
and stated that it's never ever been better than this.
I hung my favorite shirt on the floorboard,
wrinkled up from pulling pushing and tasting, tasting.

You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew.

Misguided by the 405 'cause it lead me to an alcoholic summer.
I missed the exit to your parents' house hours ago.
Red wine and the cigarettes:
hide your bad habits underneath the patio, patio, patio, patio.

You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew.
You keep twisting the truth, that keeps me thrown askew.